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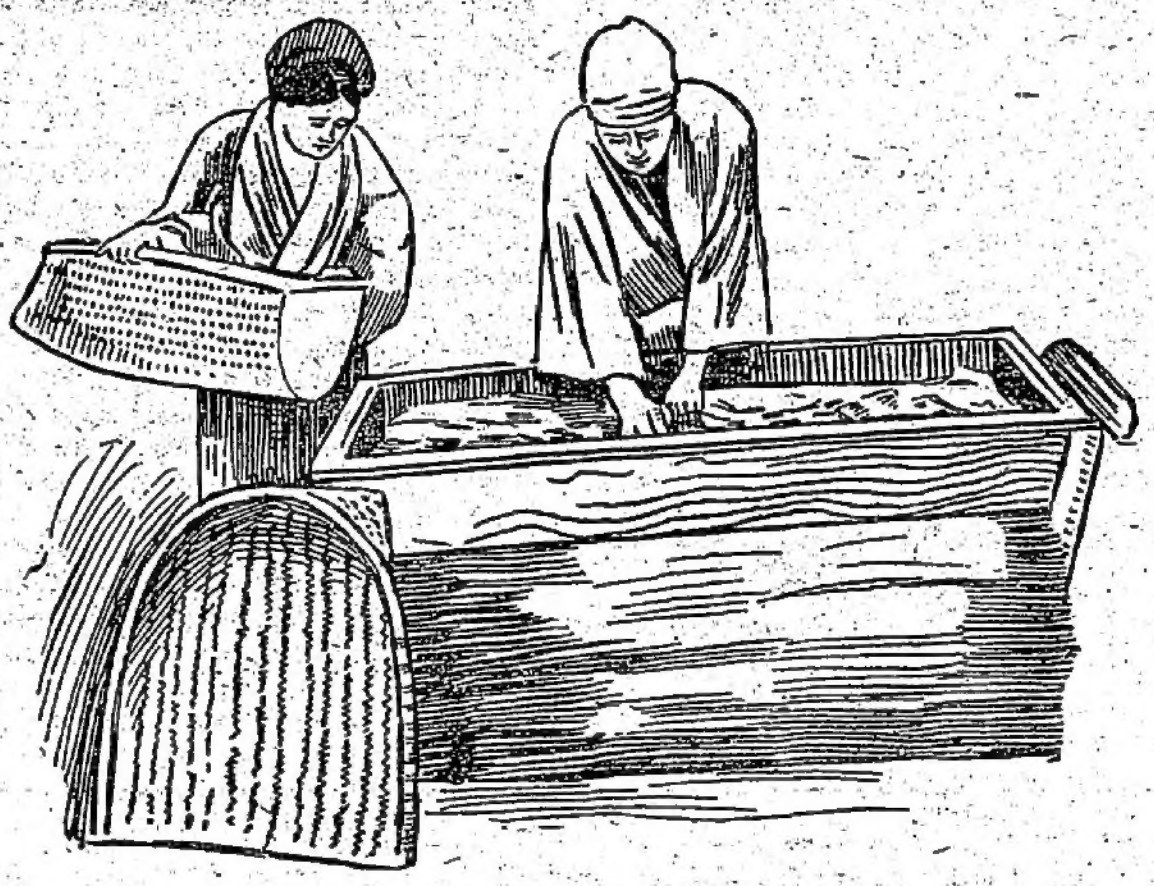
The Moral Value of Tea-Drinking.

(By Amelia E. Barr, in the 'Christian Herald.')

The singular connection between coffee and the growth of liberal ideas, is not more remarkable than that between tea and theology, and also tea and taxation. This curious union between tea and taxation extends even to the pagan records, for the first notice of it in Chinese literature is that of its taxation A. D. 780.

The Dutch East India Company sent their first embassy to the Grand Tartar Cham in 1655, and three years later tea was being sold at the Sultan's head coffee house; but its real history begins with its taxation in 1670, during the reign of Charles II. The tax was then eighteen pence on every gallon made and sold. But inconvenient as it must have been for an excise officer to stand watching the preparation of a gallon of tea, in order to get eighteen pence, this tax continued for seventeen years; then heavy custom dues were substituted, and from 1688 to 1745 was an epoch of excessive taxation on tea. Yet it forced itself into domestic use even when it was sold for 30 shillings a pound. In 1745, the last year of this epoch, England drank only 730,000 pounds of tea; but the duty being then lowered, the next year the consumption reached 2,358,589 pounds. As late as 1806, tea paid an excise of 90 percent, and yet tea drinking had become so fixed a habit that washerwomen and laborers refused to give it up for any duty.

There is reason for this apparent obstinacy. The laborer did not often buy through the government. Tea which sold in England at twelve shillings a pound, could be bought in Hamburg for twenty pennies a pound, or even less. Smuggling tea was then a profitable business. It was not in human nature to resist 600 percent, and the smuggler, the seller and the buyer made a three-fold cord of interest not easily managed by the law.



SIFTING THE NEWLY PICKED TEA.

The progress of tea in America was fettered by the same bonds of taxation; and yet it was only a tax of six cents a pound which caused the memorable infusion in Boston harbor. Any other commodity would have done as well "to make room for liberty" but there was a singular fitness in this much-taxed article brewing the cup of retribution.

During its two centuries or more of American life, tea has not found the favor that coffee has done. In the north-eastern states it is perhaps the favorite beverage, but in the West it is much less drunk than coffee, and as we go south its use constantly diminishes. Still, it requires nearly 100,000,000 of pounds yearly to supply the national tea-pot.

The virtues of a plant which has won such universal favor in spite of crushing taxation are not by any means negative ones. Liebig proves scientifically that the taste of whole nations for tea and coffee is an infinitely wise instinct, as both supply a principle of vital importance in the easiest and cheapest form for our complex modern life.

The Chinese extol tea as 'the reliever of weariness and soother of sorrow.' Bishop Huet in 1670 says it 'sweeps the brain' and calls it a 'brusher to the understanding.' Dr. Kane speaks gratefully of its unspeakable comfort among Arctic ice, and one of Sydney Smith's charms against melancholy is 'to keep always a tea-kettle simmering on the hob.' This genial soul discovered another merit in a boiling tea-kettle, for one evening when taking tea with Mrs. Austin a servant entered the crowded drawing-room with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand. From the steaming kettle the crowd receded on all sides, Mr. Smith among the rest, though he carefully watched the man's progress to the table.

'I declare,' he said, 'a man who wishes to make his way in life, could do nothing better than go through the world with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand.'

It may be safely said that tea has contributed more to the sobriety of nations than the severest laws, or the best moral treatises; and it is certain, that the alliance between coffee and literature is not more close than that between tea and theology. The progress of dissent, especially of Methodism, has been blended with the tea-cup; and though there is no intention in this paper to trace the connec-

TEA-WEIGHING IN JAPAN.

tion between different drinks and dogmas, the fact is one patent to all. Every one has heard of the division of Oxford divines into Arian, Tractarian, and Portwinian Schools, and there are people living who can remember the scornful contempt with which the 'three bottle orthodoxy' regarded the Methodist and Independent Church tea meetings. But the theology whose censer is the tea-pot has now nearly cast out the orthodoxy of the wine cellar.

Tea is the friend of the student, and tea-drinking always accompanies the diffusion of books, and the growth of sedentary habits in a community. Tea drinkers are writers of books, workers at looms, patient watchers of machinery. Tea-drinkers represent the thoughtful, quiet workers of the world, and the tea-table is the kindliest and best beloved of our household altars. The very names of tea and tea-time, stand for whole systems of national industries, and virtues.

The Importance of Tract Distribution.

(By the Rev. J. Darley Allen.)

The facts are many which demonstrate the usefulness of tracts. An actor, through the perusal of a leaflet handed him by a Christian worker, was led to attend church, and his conversion soon afterwards occurred. This actor subsequently entered the ministry and is now the distinguished pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, the Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D.

In 1875, Dr. Coke gave a tract to a family consisting of fourteen persons, and it was the means of the conversion of the entire number. A printer in New Haven printed a number of tracts and gave them away. Word came to him not long afterwards of six persons who had become Christians through the instrumentality of that leaflet. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said that he knew of a man who was converted through the perusal of a leaf of the Bible which had been wrapped around some article he had bought. Dr. Chickering's tract, 'What is it to believe on Christ?' has been a wonderful power for good. Nearly two thousand people have written him or told him personally that they owe their conversion to that tract.

Some years ago a professional diver, while at work one day at the bottom of the sea, saw an oyster shell containing a piece of paper, and this he read through the goggles of his headdress. It was a tract telling of Christ's power to save, and it made so strong an impression upon his mind that before he reached the surface of the water he had become a repentant and sin-forgiven man. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the great China Inland Mission work, was converted at fifteen years of age, through the perusal of a gospel tract. A number of years ago a wicked sailor read a tract when sick on one of the Pacific Islands, and as a result became a Christian. He was afterwards the captain of one of the great Pacific steamships and became a mighty power for good, as he gave tracts to nearly every one with whom he came in contact.

Leigh Richmond, whose famous tractate, 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' has circulated by the million and been instrumental in the conversion of a large number of people, was led to Christ through reading one of Wilberforce's tractates. The Rev. E. P. Hammond, the well-known evangelist, has said, 'I have known many instances of people being led to Christ by tracts.' Some one has well said of tracts, 'These little missives have been known to prevent crimes, to save lives, to heal the broken-hearted, and to bring despairing ones to Jesus. We never know, nor can we realize the good we are doing in distributing tracts.' The work of tract distribution is deserving of the attention of every Christian person. The more widely gospel and temperance tracts are circulated the greater is the number of people who learn the truth. There is a great deal of error abounding as regards the evils of intemperance, tobacco using, etc., and if the persons holding such errors were given tracts exhibiting by incontrovertible facts, the harmfulness of moderate indulgence in drinking liquor and the use of tobacco, as well as in their excessive use, there can be no doubt that great good would result. It is really surprising what a vast amount of ignorance prevails, even among many fairly well educated people, in regard to the evils of indulgence in the use of liquor and tobacco.

Says a prominent Christian worker: 'Are you doing anything to publish and scatter tracts? A tract which costs a penny may save a soul. Some can write tracts; others can publish them economically; others can pay for them; others still can distribute them judiciously, and so all can be helpers in the work and sharers in the blessing.'—'Union Signal.'

Stand Up for Jesus.

One of the most stirring and martial of the hymns sung by the Christian Church is 'Stand up for Jesus.' Few who sing it are familiar with the tragic occurrence which led to its composition. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in 'Immortal Hymns and Their Story,' gives the following account of it: The words chosen for the title, and repeated as the trumpet-call at the beginning of every verse, were the dying message of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng to the Young Men's Christian Association and the ministers associated with them in the noon-day prayer-meeting during the great revival of 1858, in Philadelphia. Mr. Tyng had been the magnetic and consecrated leader of that historic revival campaign. On the Sabbath before his death, he preached in the immense edifice known as Jaynes's Hall, a sermon which, judged by the greatest test of all—the number of souls won to Christ—was, perhaps, the most successful ever preached in America. His text was, 'Go now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord.' There were five thousand men listening to his fervent words, and it was believed that fully one thousand then and there yielded their wills to serve Christ, and went away to lead Christian lives.

The following Wednesday the young minister left his study for a moment, and went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power machine for shelling corn. Patting the animal on the neck, the sleeve of Mr. Tyng's silk study-gown caught in the cogs of the wheels, and he was so fearfully injured that he died within a few hours. It is doubtful whether there was ever so great a lamentation over the death of a private citizen.

When told by his friends that he could not live, he turned to his physician and said, 'Doctor, my friends have given me up, they say that I am dying; is that your opinion?' The doctor replied in the affirmative. 'Then, doctor, I have something to say to you. I have loved you much as a friend; I long to love you as a brother in Jesus Christ. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus.'

His father, who was also a distinguished minister, asked if he had any message for his brethren in the ministry? He replied, 'Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell them all to stand up for Jesus.' The Sunday following the death of Mr. Tyng, Dr. George Duffield preached from Ephesians, sixth chapter and fourteenth verse:—'Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.' For a concluding exhortation he had composed this hymn, which will be his greatest claim to immortality. The superintendent of the Sabbath-school had it printed on a slip of paper for the children; a stray copy found its way into a newspaper, and it went on and on, until it has been printed in all the leading languages of the world.—'Endeavor Herald.'

Advocates Sound Principles.

Among Canadian newspapers the Montreal 'Witness' takes rank among the very first. It has invariably been found advocating sound principles, and it has adhered with such pertinacity to its policy that it has forced the respect of the public. Inasmuch as the newspaper is the historian of the day, it is desirable that it should be veracious and a faithful recorder of events. —'The Presbyterian Review.'

A Post Fountain Pen.

In last issue we acknowledged the receipt of a list of fifty subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger' at twenty-five cents each, from Nellie McVeen, Stella, Ont., and awarded Miss McVeen a Post Fountain Pen as a premium. The same offer will be open to any other subscriber desiring to earn a Post Fountain Pen, the value of which is three dollars. The Post is made in three styles, fine, medium and stub. It is the only self-filler and self-cleaner made. Is recommended by leading literary and business men, clergymen, etc.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN GALATIANS.

Jan. 27, Sun.—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Jan. 28, Mon.—Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.

Jan. 29, Tues.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Jan. 30, Wed.—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Jan. 31, Thur.—God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Feb. 1, Fri.—Do good unto all men.

Feb. 2. Sat.—God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

When a question is asked of the pupils in a class, in a Sunday school or in a week-day school, the pupil who can answer it ought to do so, even though he be the only one who has the requisite knowledge, and he may thereby display his superiority, so far, over his fellow-pupils. It is his duty to answer his teacher's question, whether he himself be the gainer or loser by it. If he were to remain silent through a desire to seem modest, he would evidently be thinking more of himself than of his duty, and so be selfishly modest, for the sake of his reputation, and thereby unmistakably blameworthy.—'Sunday School Times.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Harvest of a Night.

A STORY OF A REVIVAL.

(By Maude Pettit, B. A., in 'Onward.')

'And Mr. Parker thinks you really ought to devote your life to evangelistic singing?'

'Yes, Ora, and of course it would be a grand thing if one were really an active Christian, and people who sing for evangelists do a world of good, and all that. But it does seem like getting out of the world altogether, and you know a fellow doesn't want to be old before he 's young, and after all one has such good times singing at Wiggin's concerts. There's such a jolly crowd, you know.'

The girl only sighed for reply, as she

THE GIRL ONLY SIGHED FOR REPLY, AS SHE SAT RESTING HER HEAD ON HER BROTHER'S SHOULDER.

sat resting her head on her brother's shoulder. It was such a natural thing to be quiet at that hour, as the November twilight darkened the falling snow. Theirs was a quiet home on one of the sedately respectable side streets of the town. A quiet home, and a quiet room, though cosy, rag-carpeted, plainly furnished, but with pretty curtains and pictures, and a touch, or, rather a sort of feeling in the room that a hallowed presence had left its influence there. The sweet face of a grey-haired woman looked down from the picture frame on the wall, and brother and sister were clad in mourning.

'But, Irving, if mother were here again' —and a sob choked her for a moment. 'Oh, it seems to me she would give anything to see you in a work like that! — There are so many people won by a good singer, and, oh, Irving, think what it would be to meet mother some day, and have all those people you had saved coming up to you in heaven! And to work with a man like Mr. Parker!'

But Irving Barton only shook his head with a doubtful air and a look of unrest on his young face.

They could hear the melody of a hymn floating across the street in the stillness of the winter twilight. Revival was in the very air of Arville. You heard hymns floating from almost every home, even from the wretched little hovels down on Barnum street. Men passing you on the sidewalk were talking earnestly of Christ and his kingdom. It was not that Arville was excited. It had never been quieter. But everywhere was that extreme tension of mind and spirit that filled the very atmosphere with the earnestness of living.

Irving and Ora Barton felt it as never before. They remembered the revival last year, when mother was there. They remembered how she had pleaded with them. Oh, if they had turned to Jesus then, how much happier would her last year have been. Too late now! If they had only known! And, young as they were, they felt the bitterness of regret tug at their heart-strings.

'Well, Irving, I have come to this point. I must own I am a Christian. I have been trying to be for months, you know, and I don't feel that I can sing in that choir any longer without confessing it. But, oh, Irving, it would make it so much easier if you own that you are, too.'

'But it does seem so hard in our case, Ora. There are boys with Christian fathers and mothers praying for them, and here look at father. It seems to me I could do it, if it wasn't for him and the concert boys. But there doesn't seem much use in trying when you've a father that drinks. I heard Jack Cartwright speaking yesterday about that drunken printer Barton. I'm afraid every week he'll get discharged at the printing-house.'

'Poor father; he's drinking so much worse since mother died.'

'Yes, and it seems useless when everybody knows about it to try to be any better.'

'We might save him, Irving.'

'Mother would have done that if any one could. It's hopeless, Ora.'

'Oh, no—don't say that! It's too horrible! People are never hopeless. He would be as good as other people if he would only let drink alone. Besides, her memory may save him yet, especially if he sees us following her. Isn't there something in the Bible about people's works following after them?'

The youthful face wore a very perturbed look as he paced the room without replying.

'It's this way, Ora,' he said at last, 'I don't just feel that I can be the very best kind of Christian and keep on singing at Wiggin's concerts. In fact—in fact, I just feel, Ora, that it's my duty to consider what Mr. Parker said, and use my voice in God's service, and yet it's a sacrifice. And think how people would say, "Look at his father there."'

'Because our father—oh, I can't say it, but you know what I mean—is that any reason why we should not do our best to uplift others? And, O Irving, is it really a sacrifice? If mother could only see you there! How do we know she doesn't see? I almost feel as if she were here now, and——' But a sob interrupted her, and Irving glided quietly away to his own room.

She could only pray that all would be well with him, and she rose with the peace wherewith God comforts his own. It was quite dark now; the snow was driving and flurrying in long white lines outside the window ,and a bleak wind shook the pane. There was the occasional clink of dishes from the dining-room as Marion, the elder sister, (the one now looked to in mother's place) added little touches to the long-waiting supper.

Then a startled look filled Ora's eyes. Why was father so late to-night? The printing-house must have been closed an hour ago. And he was not home to dinner, either, though to be sure he often took his dinner out on busy days. But still the anxiety deepened on her girlish brow. She could see so plainly a frosted window down town, with great staring black letters:—

THE BEALY HOUSE BAR-ROOM.

It did seem as if the deeper ran the religious life of Arville, the more boisterous grew the revelry in Bealy's bar-room. It was Bealy against Parker. If the church lighted her lights and warmed her corridors every evening, Bealy's hearth must be glowing, too, and Bealy's laughter must be heard. If Parker's crowd grew, Bealy must keep pace. Never did the liquor flow more freely. Never did he smile more genially on the gathering crowd.

It was there that much of the money that should have put the Bartons in good circumstances had been invested. That was their bank. The weak-willed father had foreseen this some time ago, and saved the roof over his head by giving his wife the deed. It belonged to the children now, and since Irving was book-keeper and Ora cashier in a down-town store, little touches of comfort and beauty were being added here and there, till you would not know it for a drunkard's home.

A step approached Ora as she stood by the window, and her brother's arm encircled her.

'It's all right, sister, dear. The struggle is over.'

'O Irving, I'm so glad—so glad!' and she drooped her young head on his shoulder.

Almost in the same instant a dark figure lurched round the corner of the house, reeling in the storm and half-tumbling over the threshold.

Ora shuddered and sickened; she knew the sight.

There was the sound of a heavy form staggering against the wall to the bedroom, a low, chuckling laugh, and a loose, careless thud upon the floor.

'Ha! ha! ha! I fixed him, the little whiffet! I fixed him! My, but Bealy owes me a sip or two for that! As much whiskey as there was depth to the water, he promised. Ha! ha! ha! But didn't he plunge! Ker-soze he went! No preachin' to-night! Ker-splash! Oh, if he'd only swore! I'd like to 'av heard him. Like enough he swore under water. Ha! ha! ha! But the boys'll laugh!'

Marion's white face appeared in the doorway now.

'See here, girls, you go out there and eat your suppers,' said Irving. 'Shut the door. I'll get him to bed. He's crazy with that poison of Bealy's.'

What passed between father and son no one heard, but silence settled on the room. The pale, fair-haired boy seemed to be wonderfully his father's master in these moods. A touch, a look, was often enough from his son.

Ora paused a moment at the door when she was ready for church a half-hour later, and the heavy breathing within told of slumber.

'Do you suppose any mischief has been done to-night?' she asked.

'Hard to say. We'll hope not, little sister.'

Brother and sister spoke little on their way to church, but he could feel the girlish arm tremble as it rested on his. Scraps of the conversation of passers-by reached their ears occasionally, as:

'Some brutal wretch.'

'Ought to be caught and put in jail.'

'Will he be able to preach to-night?'

'It'll lay him up, perhaps,' etc.

The little hand clung more tightly to Irving Barton's arm, and silently they neared the church lights. They were a little late; the choir had already taken their places, and the congregation waited in an expectant silence.

The stillness oppressed Ora as she and Irving took their places in the choir. Why was Mr. Parker not there? Then her head grew dizzy as their own pastor entered the pulpit, and she listened to the story of how some 'ill-meaning person' had waylaid Mr. Parker on Kentville bridge that evening as he returned from a country call, and thrown him into the river. He had narrowly escaped drowning, as the usually shallow stream was deeper than its wont just then, but the exposure in the cold, bleak wind had been followed by a chill. Mr. Parker, however, insisted that he was able to preach that evening, and would be there shortly.

'No trace of the culprit has as yet been found, but it is to be hoped he will speedily be brought to justice.'

Two people in that choir shuddered at the words.

'And now, brothers and sisters, let us not let the meeting suffer by this delay, but rather let us be the better prepared for it. We will begin with a short service of song.'

'Dreadful! isn't it?' said Miss Miller in Ora's ear. 'Poor Mr. Parker, he has such a cough, too! He ought not to preach to-night, after such an accident. His throat is very weak, anyway.'

Ora's face had changed from white to burning crimson. She was sure every eye was fixed upon her. She dared at last to look up. In the gallery, down the aisles, no—no one was looking at her. Why should they? Had any one seen her father on Kentville bridge that night? Did she herself know he had been there? No, she did not. Thus she sternly quieted her fears. The song service continued and in the midst of it Mr. Parker took his place. His face was deathful white, and she fancied he trembled slightly, but he proceeded with the service after a brief apology for his tardiness, without blame to any one.

There were many that night who looked at him, and thought they had never seen a more refined personality in human form. Allison Parker was in every word and look a Christian and a gentleman. Nothing of the ranter, the blusterer, or the egotist, but a quiet and gentle spirit, and yet a man whose strength and power made many a sinning brother pause and tremble, a man in whom the fire of the living God failed not, nor grew dim.

The sermon was nearing its end when Ora fancied there was something like a catch in his voice. An occasional fit of coughing interrupted him for a moment, but he went bravely on, and his sermon passed, as it often did, into song, for he was a sweet singer.

But he had pitched his voice too high after the exertion of preaching. The tremor was quite audible to the congregation.

'Tell mother I'll be there
In answer to her prayer,
Tell mother——'

A cough interrupted. He turned to the choir, unable to speak, and looked appealingly at some one behind Ora's chair with an upward movement of his hand.

'Tell mother, loving mother,
I'll be there.'

Without an instant's delay a clear, bell-like voice had taken up the strain. It was Irving's voice. Down the aisles and along the galleries the sweet words echoed and lingered. The last line died away. The church was still; it was the sweetly solemn moment when men are called upon to confess their God.

Ora was conscious that Irving was rising behind her—the first in all that throng.

'I praise God for the assurance of meeting again a sainted mother. I praise him for the strength he has given me this day to lay my all upon his altar.'

The words were spoken calmly, but Ora could feel that he trembled as he uttered them. She knew they had cost him that effort that the first confession costs to nearly every human soul.

And now it was her turn. There, some one else was speaking, then another. Then came a pause. Now was her chance. But, oh, it seemed as if she were nailed to that chair back. She made one terrible effort. She was really on her feet. The lights swayed and changed color; the crowd rocked as in a boat at sea. She was not sure just what she had said, except that it was not the words she intended to say, but she sat down with the satisfaction of one who has sealed her vows in the eyes of men.

The meetings continued for three weeks from that night, but under Mr. Gray, the residing pastor. For Mr. Parker did not stir from his bed. The wetting and the walk in the cold had been too much for a throat already weak and diseased, and inflammation of the larynx had been the result. But whether he was more powerful alone with God in the sick-room, or whether Mr. Grey was freshly endued with strength, certain it was that the work did not fail, nor the workers faint. No trace of the offender on Kentville bridge had been found. Mr. Parker alone knew anything about his appearance, and Mr. Parker, for some reason, was very uncommunicative. Meanwhile, every night, Irving Barton was in his place, singing for the voice that was still. And men flocked to hear. An Arville boy! Who would have thought they had such talent in their midst?

It was the last week-night service. Mr. Parker was in the pulpit again, pale, but able to utter a short message. Irving began with a well-known hymn:

'Some one will enter the pearly gate,
Shall you? Shall I? Shall you? Shall I?'

A disturbance at the door broke the stillness. A drunken man was striving to enter.

'I tell you he's my boy! Let me hear him sing!'

Irving signed to the usher to let the man enter, and, drunk though he was, James Barton grew still as he listened. He had heard the same thing at home dozens of times, but it impressed him strangely here. The silent crowd hanging upon the words of his boy—his own boy.

'Some one will greet on the golden shore,
Loved ones of earth, who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for evermore,
Shall you? Shall I? Shall you? Shall I?'

There was a sob at the end, and the drunkard glided out, and made his way homeward. They could hear him pacing the floor and sobbing when they returned. And on the following Sabbath morning a strange sight was seen. Jas. Barton, printer, dismissed from the Cartwright Printing House for drunkenness, now sober, respectably clad, sitting in the pew where he used to sit with his young wife nearly thirty years ago, and where he had so seldom been seen since.

At the after-meeting that night, the Arville congregation heard the confession of the scene on Kentville bridge, all but the part about Bealy, of Bealy House, offering a keg of 'good rye whiskey to the man that would give Parker a duckin'.' That was not told till Bealy's gang told it themselves. But Arville Church heard something else. It heard also a confession of sins forgiven, and the hand of the law was laid not upon the man that went out, redeemed, into the star-light of that winter night.

Irving was called into the parsonage study for a few minutes after the service.

'And you remember our talk three weeks ago about your voice, Irving?' asked Mr. Parker.

'Yes. I could not forget. And O Mr. Parker, I wonder now how I could ever have looked upon it as a sacrifice. It is the most glorious work!'

'You are willing, then.'

'Yes, only I am not worthy. Leave me here for a year or two till I feel that I am a more perfect Christian.'

A sad look crossed Mr. Parker's face.

'Listen, Irving, my son, for you have become as a son to me—' his voice lowered gently. 'I shall never sing again.'

Irving gasped faintly, and was about to answer, but Mr. Parker interrupted.

'You see my need. You have a sweeter voice than I ever had. I need you now. You will never find a better place to go than in the harvest-field. I know what you feel, my poor boy. I am not asking you to give your life for your father's sin, but for the sake of others' salvation. Will you come?'

Irving Barton seemed to pass from youth to manhood as he found just voice enough to speak the words, 'God helping me, I will.'

'And O, Irving, father is so glad,' said Ora when they talked it over next morning. 'I thought it would almost kill him at first when I told him after we came home that Mr. Parker would never sing any more; then when I told him you would take his place, he was, oh, so thankful. He says he will always feel that you are filling the breach he has made on God's watch-towers.'

I Wouldn't Be Cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while:
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly, whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand!
O, loyally true in a brotherhood band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear—I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life-path we owe
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stones and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love—I wouldn't be cross.

—'From 'Little Knights and Ladies.'

Don't miss a copy of 'World Wide.' Its third issue is now ready.

One Perilous Glass.

(By John Stuart, in 'The Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VI.—AN EXPERIMENT.

'I have good news for you, Lena,' said Fred Leeson, about two years after Millicent's marriage. His eyes sparkled with joy.

'What has happened? Have you won a prize or performed a successful operation? or received a legacy?' were Lena's teasing questions.

'Better than all,' he said. 'I am going away.'

At that her face fell and her tongue hushed. A lover's absence is not the most desirable thing in the world.

'You think that's not good news,' and he laughed again. 'Well, it's my turn to tease and I am really glad that you don't like the idea of my running off.'

'Of course I don't,' said Lena.

'"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," says the proverb,' quoted Fred, 'but happily it is for you to fix the limit to which it may extend.'

'What do you mean?' she hastily inquired.

'Just this, dearie, that I have been appointed surgeon to St. Wilfrid's Hospital in Beechtown, with a house and a commencing salary of £200 a year. There now, if you think you can keep a house on so small a sum tell me how soon, and we will be as happy as the days are long.'

Two hundred pounds a year with rent, light and fuel seemed a big income to Lena who was by no means a good arithmetician. A sparkle came into her eyes; her heart beat delightedly at this unexpected good fortune and she began a reverie, which the young man broke by saying:

'Well, how soon, next month?'

'Do be sensible,' remarked Lena, 'how can I get ready to be married in a month.'

'But I have to enter on my duties in six weeks from this, and I may just as well go down completely furnished—wife included. Now, if you say a month there will be time for a fortnight's trip, if not, your honeymoon will only last a couple of days.'

'But I should like it to last a couple of years,' she said.

'Capital, a couple of centuries if you promise to be obedient and never to scold.'

Although at first it seemed impracticable to marry at such short notice, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson agreed that under the special circumstances it was the best course to pursue, and 'The Lodge' was a very busy house during the next four weeks.

Lena's wedding luncheon differed in one respect from that of Millicent's. In deference to the two teetotalers, no wine was furnished to the guests and strange as it may appear, the toasts were drunk just as heartily; the gaiety was just as rich; and the happiness just as full as if gallons of champagne had been consumed.

Beechtown was less than forty miles from London and home visits were therefore not impossible. But they were always clouded by the terrible discomfort of the Mordaunts. Fred and Lena often discussed it between themselves not only because it touched them so nearly by family ties, but because of their wider outlook upon the great drink problem.

They were very happy in their new conditions and made themselves useful in connection with temperance effort in Beechtown. About six months after their marriage a pathetic letter came from George Mordaunt, in which he said: 'I wonder if it would cure Millie to get her into an Inebriates' Home, and whether she would consent to go. The present position makes me desperate, it is full of misery and unhappiness.'

Both Fred and Lena had this letter upon their minds during the day and it was natural that after their little quiet dinner in the evening their thoughts and words should revert to it. The husband spoke first:

'George's letter has bothered me all day,' he said. 'I could not help contrasting his misery with our happiness. Do you think we could do anything to help him? Would it be possible to get Millie to stay a while with us on condition that she kept away from drink altogether?'

'It is good of you to think of such a plan,' she answered, 'but do you feel it would do any good?'

'I cannot tell,' he frankly admitted, 'but at least it could be tried. What I most fear is the strain it would put upon you. You would have to deny yourself a good deal of liberty to make the plan really effective.'

'Our religion is not worth much if it includes no sacrifice. Shall we suggest it?'

'I think so. I will write and give George my views. And you can write persuasively to Millie.'

Mordaunt was deeply moved by the true brotherly friendship manifested in Leeson's affair. He went down to the Lodge and talked the matter over with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; he consulted the rector of the parish; he explained the matter to Dr. Chambers, all agreed that no harm, and possibly much good, might come of the change. At first Millicent would not hear of the proposal; she did not want to be under the control of her sister; she had a right to stay in her own home; she was not going to make any promise to keep from the thing she loved; and so on. But parents and doctor and clergyman united their persuasions, to which her husband added a hint that if the separation were not voluntary it would have to be involuntary.

At last, therefore, she gave her consent, but her brother-in-law had made the conditions of the visit very clear, no alcoholic liquor was to be supplied on any condition; and she must sacredly promise to buy none. The two children were to be left in the care of the father and nurse, and a very limited allowance of money was to be furnished to Mrs. Mordaunt.

George accompanied his wife to Beechtown and stayed from Saturday to Monday. Fred and Lena received their sister with the utmost kindness and cordiality; a very prettily furnished room was placed at her disposal and Lena set herself to devise plans of occupation and amusement in order to fill Millie's time and thought. The task was hard on both sides for Millie was irritable and grew more independent as strength returned. Still for a while she did her utmost to crush appetite and keep her promise.

But about a month after her arrival, being unavoidably left alone while Lena attended to some business in the town, she felt the longing for drink come upon her with uncontrollable force. Resistance was vain and she put on her things and went into the nearest confectioner's and called for wine. It was the spark to a powder magazine. She emptied her purse in buying a bottle of brandy, took it to her room and

when Lena sought her for tea, she found her utterly prostrate.

Reproach was useless, patience was only the more needful. Happily the first effect was indisposition and next day she lay in bed. For some time she again conquered desire but in spite of every care, several lapses took place in the next three months. Fred and Lena were discouraged, sad and hopeless.

Millicent herself broke the tension. One evening, when Mordaunt had come on one of his visits, he found his wife sitting by the fire. She put her arms around him and hysterically sobbed :

'Oh George, let me come back. I cannot stand it any longer.'

And he set himself to one more trial of endurance.

CHAPTER VII.—SORROW AND JOY.

There are many forms of human misery associated with domestic life. Uncongenial dispositions, cruel speech, radical selfishness, unfaithfulness, grievous sickness and bitter bereavement, furnish material for portraitures of sadness and sorrow that would melt the heart of a stone.

But it is not easy to match the awful condition of that house—it can hardly be called home—in which the wife and mother has become the slave of drink. It is distressing enough where the husband, the bread-winner, becomes its prey. Yet his business lies away from home and for hours at a time there is freedom, to be broken only by his return in a drunken or penniless condition. All adjectives are weak to describe the wretchedness of the family when she whose duty it is to care for every household detail foreswears, husband and children, duty and pleasure, in the mad absorption of alcohol.

Nor can it be said that in such case the lot of the poorer family is more bitter than that of the professional man. The difference is one of kind, not of degree. It is true that Mr. Mordaunt could employ an additional nurse to care for the children, and he could give instructions to the servants. But in the first place it involved large expenditure and even lawyer's incomes are limited. Then it was impossible to persuade his wife that she had no control over the servants, or instruct the servants to disobey her if need be. Nor could he be a mother as well as father to Robbie and Lilla.

Millicent's hours of sobriety and self-consciousness were increasingly few, yet he had to be more or less her companion. If he occupied another room he was haunted by the fear that she might be doing herself harm. What, with his hospitable nature, he most missed was the companionship and visits of friends, for it was impossible to tell in what condition his wife might enter the dining-room or what things she might say. His experience was a daily martyrdom; it told upon his health and made him irritable.

Millicent sank lower and lower as the passion for alcohol tightened its grasp. Drink she would have, and if one grocer were forbidden by her husband to supply it she would give orders to another. All her jewellery she pawned in order to obtain further supplies. Her health gave way, and it was pitiable to see the wreck which the young and attractive woman was sinking into. Then, again, her outbursts were of the most varied kind. One night would find her in maudlin tears; another would see her roused into a false strength; assailing her husband with all the vehemence of which a woman's tongue is capable; and more rarely a mad frenzy possessed her in which she cared nothing as to what she did.

Mordaunt said to himself again and again, 'It is unbearable.' But what was he to do? The law did not permit of a forcible separation on the ground of drunkenness, nor had the latest Act of Parliament been passed by which she could be detained against her will in an Inebriates' Home. Nor, after her stay at Lena's, would she again consent to a voluntary separation. The husband was at his wits' end. He consulted a specialist on inebriety only to learn that a woman's case was desperate, that even after a year's seclusion in some institution without the drink, the liking for it would, in many cases, again break out. He often wished that she were dead and would have gladly welcomed such a release for himself, but for his two worse than motherless children.

The only gleam of hope or of relief was the passionate fondness displayed by the mother for her firstborn, Robbie. This was not continuous; often she was too stupefied to show him any regard, but such a turn of indifference would be followed by a lavishness of affection which could not endure that the boy should be a minute out of her sight. By a curious sequence she appeared almost to dislike the fragile little Lilla who was the light of her father's eye, and the nursemaid was so conscious of this antagonism that as far as possible she kept her out of her mother's presence. The child, too, instinctively shrank from the mother's touch, which only incensed her the more. Robbie had no such feeling. He was an affectionate little fellow and usually when her temper was the most disturbed he would run to her and put his arms round her neck; she did not push him off, but appeared to be soothed, and would embrace him with passionate tenderness.

Playing with fire, however, is dangerous work. Mordaunt arrived home one chill November evening and found his wife on a low chair by the fire. She was in careless deshabille, which was especially repugnant to her husband's sense of neatness. In spite of the training he had given himself in patience he let fall the words :

'I wish you would do up your hair, Millie.'

The remark was not very strong, but it called up a bitter torrent of abuse, Mrs. Mordaunt having taken a quantity sufficient to stimulate and not to stupefy her. In the midst of her invective little Robbie ran merrily into the room, with a box in his hand, saying :

'See, mama, what papa has brought me.'

As usual, he came up to her to put the box into her lap when in the excitement of her speech she pushed the child roughly aside. Her angry voice almost drowned the thud of his fall, but the father, who was at the other end of the room heard the clink of the fire-irons and hastily turned. There was no scream for the little fellow had struck his head on the plinth of marble which ran round the hearth, and rolling to the fire his white pinafore had caught alight and in a second his clothes were ablaze.

The father rushed to him, and with great presence of mind, wrapped the hearthrug around him, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. But when he unrolled it his heart was almost bursting with grief. Little Robbie was pale as death and only awakening from his swoon to realize the pain of the scorched body. It was then he shrieked distressingly and the cry of her beloved child seemd to rouse in Millicent all the dormant forces of motherhood and womanhood.

We need not linger on the horrors of that half-hour. The wild pull of the bell brought up the servants; one of whom almost flew for the doctor. Happily he lived not far off and was on the point of sitting down to dinner so that in ten minutes—although it seemed ten hours—he was giving instructions as to the treatment of the still screaming Robbie.

A sedative was applied and cooling bandages, and the little fellow sank into slumber. Dr. Chambers remained for some hours because he feared the effects of the shock on the child's delicate constitution. Happily, careful nursing prevalled and his life was saved. But it was a month before he could leave the bed and when he did so it was with scars on one cheek that would remain with him through life—an abiding token of his mother's passion under the influence of drink.

It was a high price to pay, and sad that the innocent child should suffer, but it was the price at which the mother's redemption was bought; and light, and joy and love reentered the Mordaunts' home.

Sometimes the only way to fell a disastrous current is to throw into it some resisting power which shall scatter the water in various directions, and medical men tell us that in some diseases a great shock is the only method by which a dormant sense can be re-awakened. This is frequent in blighted powers of memory, and it is occasionally so in men and women in the disease of inebriety. What care and persuasion, what remedies of change and medicine failed to accomplish in Millicent Mordaunt's case, was happily brought about by this disaster.

From the moment Robbie's piercing cries reached her ears Millicent was another woman. She seemed to possess new physical strength and new will power. Without self-assertion and in humble contrition she assisted her husband in undressing the child; she listened to the doctor's instructions and constituted herself Robbie's nurse. When he slept she stole a few minutes to plait her hair, wash her face, and put on her dressing gown. Nor could any persuasions of her husband induce her to go to bed. She begged that he would, and when he showed himself equally determined, her old coaxing tenderness returned; she installed him in an easy chair and promising to call him when the child awoke, he fell into a troubled sleep, in which, indeed, he had a delightful dream of the Millicent of seven years before. When he awoke it seemed as if her kiss was upon his forehead and she stood by him with a cup of cocoa in her hand.

'Drink this, dear, it will do you good, Robbie awoke, but soon went asleep again.'

It was remarkable that not once that night did Millicent feel any desire for the drink which had enslaved her. Her thoughts were wholly occupied and though her strength seemed unnatural, the mother-love fed it for many hours.

While pouring out coffee at breakfast next morning a telegram was handed to Lena, which ran : 'Robbie very ill. Please come and nurse him. George.' In less than three hours Lena stood by her sister's side. George had met her at the station and explained the position. Nothing was said, but the sisters clasped each other in a warm em-

brace, and then Lena, who had had some nursing experience, said:

'Now, dear, you must lie down and rest. I will take care of Robbie and we will divide the day and night between us.'

A long sleep greatly refreshed Millicent, and on waking she hastened to her darling's bedside. Robbie was awake, and evidently in pain, but he turned the cheek that was not bandaged to his mother, trying to smile as he whispered:

'Darling mammy!'

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HAVEN OF REST.

Not many words will need to be written in this closing chapter. Lena remained with her sister for ten days until Robbie's recovery was assured; then she hastened home, glad not only to return to her husband, love for whom had grown as their hearts and lives were knit by common aims and united service, but anxious to clasp to her breast her own little darling Violet, now a year old, and the chubbiest little mortal ever born into a temperance home.

The happiest piece of news she had to tell her husband was concerning Millicent.

'Do you think, Fred, that when this excitement is over she will still be able to live without her old stimulant?'

'Yes, Lena, I think it quite possible. At least we shall see.'

Luckily, Robbie was able to run about before Christmas arrived. Sorely the mother's heart grieved when she saw the scar upon the face of her pretty boy and more than once her eyes were full of tears. One day the rector called and during the conversation said:

'God's ways are mysterious, Mrs. Mordaunt. But if the pain you have caused your little son teaches you humility and makes you resolve to serve him, you should give thanks that you and your husband and your home are all the gainers. It was a blessing in disguise.'

'But I grieve that Robbie should bear the lasting mark of my sin and passion.'

'I am sure that if he grows up a good boy and a true man, as I hope he will, and he learns all, he will never think that a sorrow which gave him a sober mother and a happy home.'

George Mordaunt had entered on a new life. After seven years of distress and anxiety and torture he could hardly realize the truth. All that was lovable in Millicent's nature reasserted itself, and with added tenderness, as if she would make up for the failures of the past. Her health returned; her temperament became more equable; she gave the best of her thought and care to both her little ones, and she joined her husband in disinterested work to uplift and comfort the poor and distressed around them. The rector had no better workers in his branch of the C. E. T. S.

Husband and wife did not often refer to the past, but on one anniversary of their wedding day, he inquired:

'And do you feel, Millie, any desire for wine or beer?'

'No, dear, I think never. The sight of bottles gives me a sense of loathing and the smell which sometimes comes from a public-house fills me with disgust.'

'How glad I am!' and he stooped and kissed her.

'You were good and patient, dear,' she whispered, 'all through that sad time. I often felt it most when I seemed to be most cruel. But it is all past now, thank God. And after the storm we value more the calm.'

How the Drummers Disturbed the Meeting.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Forward.')

It was a very solemn little company of worshippers that gathered in the vestry of the North Church at Bernardston. It seemed altogether probable that on the morrow Stephen Hallett, who held the mortgage on the church, would foreclose, and the little flock had come together for a last service in the beloved church which they had worked so hard to clear of debt.

At that hour fifteen commercial travellers were gathered in one of the large rooms of the leading hotel of the same town; fifteen good-natured drummers who liked a good time and who were uneasy if there were not something lively going on eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

'Come over to the church, boys, and wake up the old fogies,' said Frank Sawyer, the leader, and the most popular drummer that stopped from time to time at the Pine Tree Inn; 'follow me and do exactly what I do and there'll be some fun.' The men needed nothing further said, for the Pine Tree Inn was dull that night, and anything that promised to relieve the monotony of the evening would have been hailed with delight.

Five minutes later, fifteen well-dressed men strode down the steps of the inn and walked silently and solemnly down the principal street of the town. The aged clergyman was giving out the opening hymn when the long file of drummers walked down the centre aisle of the vestry, marching one behind the other and filling the front settees of the little room. Everybody looked and everybody wondered what it all meant, but the earnest words of the minister shortly dispelled all thoughts save those pertaining to the facts laid before the church.

The treasurer of the church had seen the mortgagee and asked an extension of time that the church might raise the arrears in interest money and the hundred dollars on the principal which had been demanded, but Stephen Hallett had been obstinate, refusing to depart from his first intention of foreclosing if the amount were not forthcoming on the date set.

The minister had hoped that all could be adjusted, though he knew it would mean a deal of sacrifice, for none of the members had much money to spare. But he saw the prospect of meeting the obligation grow less and less promising as the time approached; and still he hoped—hoped that the Lord would provide the means whereby the mortgagee could be satisfied. Meanwhile Stephen Hallett gleefully rubbed his hands, pleased that at last he had the little church in his power, as he thought. He cordially hated the church and those connected with it, and this was the opportunity which he had seen approaching, and waited for. There were few dry eyes in the vestry when the clergyman had ceased speaking. His words had touched the hearts of his hearers, and they knew how keenly they would feel the loss of the church when it had passed into the hands of the moneylender.

Frank Sawyer sat immovable while the minister was speaking. Somehow the earnest words carried him back to his home, to his father's and mother's church among the hills of Vermont, and before he knew it a tear trickled down his cheek.

While the minister was speaking, asking those before him to give as they felt called upon, that the necessary three hundred dollars might be raised, Frank Sawyer tore a leaf from his notebook and wrote for an instant, handing it to his neighbor, telling him to pass it along.

'Remember your promise, boys, and carry it out. I'm going to give a ten-dollar note to help them out; do the same and you'll square yourselves with me and every man on the road.'

The above was the astonishing message which the long row of drummers read, each in turn as it was handed down the line. One or two were so surprised that they gave vent to their amazement by a scarcely suppressed whistle, but among them all there was not one who thought for a moment of going back on his promise to follow Sawyer's example. Two or three did not have the amount with them, but they readily borrowed from those who had, and when the plate was passed, every man was ready to place a ten-dollar note or its equivalent upon Frank Sawyer's crisp bill.

Deacon White's hand trembled when he passed the plate and saw the denomination of the bill which Sawyer tendered, and as he reached far into the row and each man duplicated that first contribution, his surprise changed to amazement and bewilderment. The most that he had expected from the strangers was a silver contribution; instead, they were piling bank notes upon the plate.

When the service came to a close after a few well-chosen words by the pastor, in which a delicate reference was made to the generosity of the strangers, fifteen men from the front row hurriedly left the church.

The following morning fifteen jovial drummers were being carried swiftly away from Bernardston, while the treasurer of the church was settling with Stephen Hallett, the entire amount having been raised the previous evening, though there was less than five dollars to spare.

'Do you mean to say that you have the amount?' demanded Hallett, chagrined that the opportunity of giving the North Church a crushing blow had slipped through his fingers.

'Certainly,' replied the treasurer, blandly, 'there is the amount, sir; I will thank you for a receipt.'

Heartsease.

(A song to my wife.)

Home in her heart,
Flower all fair;
Never depart;
Ever bloom there;
All thy dear balm,
Heartsease, impart;
All thy blest calm
Home in her heart.

Sorrow and sighs
Follow the sun;
They with him rise;
They with him run.
Hers be thy peace,
Till life depart;
Till her days cease,
Home in her heart.

While thou art there,
How can I mark
How grief and care
Day would make dark?
Can sadness come,
Can smiles depart,
While thou canst home
Deep in her heart?

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

The Little Coffin.

('Light in the Home.')

I saw a touching sight. It was the burial of an infant in a country churchyard. God's acre here was well stocked with graves. The long grass had been cut and lay around in haycocks. The old church stood out against the grey leaden sky of a rainy afternoon. I was watching for the funeral, and soon there appeared in sight a small donkey-cart, on which were seated four little girls dressed out in their best; each wore white gloves. When the cart stopped at the church gate they jumped down and from the back of the cart was lifted a tiny coffin covered with a homely wreath of old-fashioned flowers. The coffin stood on a white sheet and each child took up a corner of the sheet and thus carried along the coffin. Behind it walked the father and mother and some brothers and sisters. The procession made its way up to the church, and the girls in their unwonted occupation had to be instructed what to do. The solemn service was read in the church by the minister, after which the little bearers carried the body to the grave, and then four little pairs of white-gloved hands timidly grasped the broad cords and let down the little coffin into its last resting place. And half pleased, half awestruck, they stood around while the minister finished the service. The little one had come for just a year to twine itself around its mother's heart, and then was called away; and the poor heart-sore woman, as she took her last look at that precious box, declared she could not leave her little one.

And so I turned away, and my heart was sore, for I had seen a pathetic sight. Does not the Heavenly Father send these little ones for a time, and then take them away to draw the parents to himself? I have read that when certain sheep would not venture across a stream, the shepherd took a little lamb in his loving arms and carried it over, and then at once the mother has followed the lamb, and the whole flock the ewe.

So does the Master call to his human sheep. Happy they who hear his voice and say, 'Good Shepherd, I come.'

The Stain that Wouldn't Rub Off.

He was but six years old, and a boy of six cannot be expected to know as much as a boy of twelve. This was one reason why Charlie needn't have been quite so sharp in his rebuke, and then mother showed him another reason that evening.

Charlie and Freddie were 'cutting across fields' and as they went along, were gathering flowers for mamma. Charlie was walking ahead, and so far had spied all the flowers, which he then with gracious condescension allowed Freddie to gather. Suddenly the little boy caught sight of a bunch of yellow beauties with deep brown centres. They were down at the bottom of a little hill, and the grass around them was most brilliantly green and velvety. Charlie had evidently not seen them, and Freddie darted down the slope.

'Here, Freddie!' shouted Charlie, glancing over his shoulder, 'don't you go down there. It's all muddy.'

But the warning was disregarded, and the next moment Freddie had sunk in the slime half-way up his fat little legs.

'Now, how'm I going to get you out of that,' demanded Charlie, crossly. 'I told you not to go in, and you went. Now I'll have to get all muddy myself pullin' you out. Stand still!' this more sharply than ever. 'Don't try to get in any deeper than you are. Quit your blubberin', now. I'll get you out some way.'

But it took a long search for a limb of suitable length before Charlie, standing on the edge of the swamp, pulled poor little Freddie on firm ground again, though in doing it he nearly threw the little fellow on his face.

Freddie's sobs broke out afresh, and the older brother relented a little.

'Here,' he said in a gruff tone,

that was assumed to hide the tenderness which he feared might show, 'now I'll scrape off the mud with a stick and when your shoes dry they can be blackened, and will look most new again. I tell you, though, Freddie, you ought to have listened when I told you the mud was there.'

'I didn't see any mud,' whimpered Freddie, 'the grass was prettier there than anywhere else.'

'That's just it,' replied the brother, 'when you see such awful green grass as that you can know there's a swamp.'

'But I didn't know,' protested the ltitle fellow, 'and I couldn't see any mud.'

'Then that's just why you ought to have listened to me,' declared Charlie, feeling that he must not lose this opportunity of rebuking still further. 'You see, I'm twice as old as you and ought to be supposed to know twice as much.' This last sentence had a sarcastic tone that hurt Freddie, though Charlie was pleased with this conceit.

In fact he was so well pleased that he couldn't forbear repeating it to mamma, though he really had not meant to be too hard on his smaller brother.

'You see, mamma,' he said, 'I told him I was twice as old as he was and know about twice as much. That's what he got for not minding me.'

Then Freddie could bear the reproaches no longer. He was sitting on mamma's lap with his little bare feet rubbed quite dry, and she was wiping away the tears and telling him it might have been much worse, and that he was her own baby boy, and the rest of the nice things mothers say when their children are in trouble. So this last speech of Charlie's was really too much.

'Why don't you always mind?' Freddie burst out, sitting bolt upright and digging his fists in his eyes to stop the welling tears. 'He don't mind papa, mamma, for I saw him smoking a cig'rette in the barn. I peeked through a hole and saw him. He'd better tell himself to mind, hadn't he, mamma?'

Mamma only looked at Charlie, but it made the blood rush around his throat and up his face to the very roots of his hair. That evening, though, she went to his room after he was in bed. She turned out the light—for she was one of those mothers who know a fellow can tell things better in the dark—and then she said:—

'How about the smoking, Charlie? Did Freddie tell me the truth?'

This time she couldn't see the blush; (though it was there) and she could barely hear the whispered, 'Yes'm.'

Then, like all wrong-doers since the time of Adam, he began to excuse himself.

'I didn't do it just to disobey papa, I truly didn't, mamma. But half the boys in our class smoke cigarettes and I don't see where's the harm in it.'

'Neither did Freddie see the mud, and you were very cross with him because he did not obey you who were twice as old. Papa is more than three times as old as you. Don't you think, then, that he should know at least three times as much as you? Don't you think when he tells you that cigarettes are very harmful, that you should believe he knows the truth of what he is saying? He tells you that the boy who smokes cigarettes can never be as strong and healthy a man as the boy who does not smoke. He tells you that the man with a weak body can never do as valiant service for God or the world, as the man who is strong. He tells you that the boy who deliberately does those things that will injure the body, is not only committing a great wrong against himself and the world in which he is to be a worker, but he is sinning against God.

'Remember, dear,' she was bending over him for a good-night kiss, 'remember that Freddie's mud was easily brushed off; but every act of disobedience or wrong-doing of any kind, leaves an indelible stain on the soul.'—'Presbyterian.'

I prayed and prayed, mamma, and I prayed awful honest, but God didn't give me that big doll.'

'I think God knew he was going to give you something better after a while.'

'But what, mamma?'

'Your auntie has asked you to spend a whole month with her at the beach.'

'To see the great ocean and play in the sand every day? Oh, mamma!—and I felt so cross with God.'

A Poor Town to Live In.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'S.S. Times.')

There's a queer little town—I wonder if you've seen it,—
'Let-some-one-else-do-it' is the name of the place,
And all of the people, who've lived there for ages,
Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy,
And almost deserted from morning till noon,
Are, 'In-just-a-minute,'—you'll see on the lamp-post,—
'Oh-well-there's-no-hurry,' and 'Yes-pretty-soon.'

The principal work that they do in this hamlet
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime)
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people
Are engaged in the traffic of just-killing-time.

I pray you, don't dwell in this town overcrowded;
There are others near by it most wondrous fair.
The roads that lead to them—and each one is open—
Are 'Push,' 'Pluck,' and 'Ready,' 'This-minute,' and 'Dare.'

Who Was It?

(By M. E. Clark.)

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite;
Wouldn't say 'Good-morning,' and wouldn't say 'Good-night';
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying 'please';
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze;
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;
Ran away and lost herself, because it was 'such fun,'

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad
That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was sad?
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,
For this little maiden didn't like to mind;
Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought to do.
Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't you.
—'Outlook.'

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 3.

Parable of the Ten Virgins.

Matthew xxv., 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13. Read Mark xii., 41-44. Matt. xxiii., 1 to xxv., 13.

Golden Text.

'Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.'—Matt. xxv., 13.

The Bible Lesson.

1. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

2. And five of them were wise, and five foolish.

3. They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them:

4. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

5. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

6. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

7. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

8. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

9. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

10. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage and the door was shut.

11. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

12. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

13. Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.

Lesson Hymn.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; Who lives
That we with Him may reign.

Then, O my God, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
—Horatius Bonar.

Suggestions.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins is a parable of the inner life of those who call themselves the followers of Christ. No mention is made of the outside world, of those who did not care to go to the great marriage feast, the parable is simply concerned with those who expect to spend eternity rejoicing in heaven.

Five were wise and five were foolish, but when they started out to meet the bridegroom they all appeared equally fit to honor him and to enter into the joys of the marriage feast with him. While the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept, at midnight loud voices were heard proclaiming the coming of the bridegroom, and the virgins hastily arose and began to trim their lamps in preparation for the joyful procession. Such a scene is not uncommon in the East even at the present time.

'Dr. Trumbell, attending an Oriental wedding, saw the bride's procession in the afternoon. He was told the bridegroom's procession would move out later in the evening. He watched for it several hours, and seeing no sign thereof he went quietly to bed in his tent. But at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. Literally, the substance of his dragoman's call.'—From 'Peloubet's Notes.'

As the ten virgins were trimming their lamps, the foolish ones who had brought no oil with theirs, begged the others to give them some of their oil. But the wise virgins could not give away any of their oil for they had only just enough to keep their own lamps burning brightly for the procession through the dark night. So the foolish virgins went to the oil-sellers to buy oil for their lamps, and while they were away the bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with him to the great marriage supper, and the door was shut! Afterwards the foolish virgins came knocking at the door and praying to be let in. But they were too late, the door could not be opened again, and the voice of the bridegroom from within said sadly, I know you not!

Poor foolish ones, their hopes were so bitterly crushed we cannot help sympathizing with their disappointment, and yet their hopes were destroyed only because it had been without foundation. When they had first set out to meet the bridegroom they knew that they ought to have oil in their lamps, but they neglected it, they thought that somehow they could get along without, or they refused to think of it at all.

They had the same opportunities to buy oil as the others had, but they did not do it, they built their hopes without a foundation.

If a lad goes up for an examination in subjects which he has never studied, he may be sure of failure, his hopes of prize-winning have no foundation. If a man builds a house carelessly, putting in here a poor brick and there a worn-out shingle, his hope of obtaining a solid, handsome building is without foundation.

The ten virgins represent the Church on earth. The oil represents the Holy Spirit (Zech. iv., 11-14), and the abiding presence of the living Saviour. The waiting time when all slumber represents the present time when all are engrossed in the work of this life and not looking for the immediate coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom, our Lord Jesus Christ. But as sudden as a midnight cry breaking in on the stillness of the night will be that glorious coming, and 'they that are ready,' shall go in with him to the marriage feast which God has prepared. (Rev. xix., 6-9.)

Christian character cannot be divided up and lent to the friend who has none. The soul that has lived in the presence of Jesus and been filled with his Spirit cannot lend its sweetness and power to another when suddenly called into the presence of the King. We cannot enter heaven on the strength of the goodness of our mother or father or any godly man, we must have oil in our own lamps, we must each have for ourselves the abiding presence of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. (John xiv., 16-18, 23: xv., 4-8.) It is not safe to put off for an hour this 'buying of oil.' (Isa. lv., 1, 6), without money and without price, we may obtain the forgiveness of sins and the assurance of eternal life, the life of Christ in us.

Questions.

Relate the parable of the Ten Virgins. Whom do the virgins represent? Whom does the oil represent? Why were the foolish ones disappointed? Why could not the others divide their oil and share it with them? If God should call you to himself to-day, are you ready?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 3.—Topic.—Christian Endeavor Day.—Josh i., 11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

STRONG JUNIORS.

Mon., Jan. 28.—Keep well.—Dan. i., 11-15.

Tues., Jan. 29.—Be strong in mind.—Prov. iii., 13.

Wed., Jan. 30.—Have heart strength.—Prov. iv., 23.

Thu., Jan. 31.—Be strong to say 'Yes.'—I. Kings xii., 6-8.

Fri., Feb. 1.—Have strength to say 'No.'—Dan. i., 8.

Sat., Feb. 2.—Heroes and heroines.—Rom. xv., 1, 2.

Sun., Feb. 3.—Topic—Be strong.—Josh. i., 1-11.—(Christian Endeavor Day.)

Free Church Catechism.

15. Q.—What does the resurrection of Jesus teach us?

A.—It assures us that he has finished the work of our redemption; that the dominion of death is ended; and that, because he lives, we shall live also.

16. Q.—What do we learn from his ascension into heaven?

A.—That we have in him an Advocate with the Father, who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

17. Q.—What do we learn from his session at the right hand of God?

A.—That he is exalted as our Head and King, to whom has been given all authority in heaven and on earth.

A Thrilling Scene

(By James B. Dunn, D.D., in 'Sabbath Reading.')

The following account of a thrilling scene that took place some years ago at a town meeting when the question of licensing taverns was discussed, was related by the late Edward C. Delavan:

The town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The leading influences were opposed to total abstinence.

At the meeting the minister, a deacon, and the physician were present, and were all in favor of continuing the custom of license—all in favor of permitting a few men of high moral character to sell alcoholic liquor, for they all agreed in the opinion that such liquor, when used in moderation as a beverage, was a good creature of God, and also, to restrict the sale or moderate use, was an unjust interference with human liberty, and a reflection upon the benevolence of the Almighty. They all united in the belief, that in the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage, excess alone was to be avoided.

The feeling appeared to be all one way, when a gentleman, who was present by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the speakers who had preceded him. He entered into a history of the village from its early settlement; he called the attention of the assemblage to the desolation drinking had brought upon families and individuals; he pointed to the poor-house, the prison-house, and the graveyard for its numerous victims; he urged the people by every consideration of mercy, to let down the floodgates, and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families by the sale and use of alcoholic drink. But all would not do.

The arguments of the minister, the deacon, and the physician, backed by station, learning and influence, were too much for the single teetotaler.

As no one arose to continue the discussion, or support him, the president was about to put the question—when all at once there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed.

After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her.

'Yes!' she said, 'look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to moderate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did.

'You all know I was once mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where

are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave!

They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess! They quoted you, and you, and you,' pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor, 'as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of moderate drinking had involved my husband and sons.; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me.

'The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills) sold them the poison; the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now, look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run.

'I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poor-house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon; to warn you, false teacher of God!'—and, with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed: 'I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, ye false guides, and be a swift witness against you all.'

The unhappy woman vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the minister, the deacon and the physician all hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the question:—

'Shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be drunk as a beverage?'

The response was a unanimous—

'No!'

Friends of humanity, what would have been your verdict if you had been there?

How do you vote to-day?

Cigarette Smoking.

Is it true that the smoking of cigarettes is so extremely injurious as is often reported? Recently medical testimony has been printed calling the fact in question.

There can be no question as to the direful effects of the habit referred to. Leaving out of view the question of adulteration with opium, etc., supposing that only tobacco is used, these facts are not open to question: The smoke is usually inhaled, passing into the lungs, while the user of a cigar or pipe merely draws the smoke into the mouth or passes it out by the nares. Accordingly there is no stoppage of the passage of the nicotine where cigarette smoke is inhaled. In the cigar the tapering butt catches much of it, and the pipe absorbs it largely. The inside of the boy's lungs are black and sticky and unable to properly oxydize the blood brought there by the veins for purification, hence the general languor and debility of those addicted to the habit. President Jordan told the writer that no cigarette victim could complete the course of study at Stanford. The Board of Education of San Francisco, four years ago, issued a circular describing the evils of this habit—the physical effects and those intellectual and moral. The chairman of the committee was C. A. Clinton, M.D., and the report was endorsed by Professors Cole, McNutt, McLean, Lengfield, Taylor, Williamson, Powers and seven others of the faculty of the medical department of the University of California. The doctor who lately published something on the other side confessed that he was a victim of the habit, and so is not a very competent witness.—'The Occident.'

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

Correspondence

Fleming, Man.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like the correspondence very much. I am eight years-old, my birthday is on Feb. 1. GEORGE A.

Cushing, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for about two years, and I like it very well. I have two sisters and one brother. I attend school and have about two miles to go. We had a Christmas tree in our school and I got a pair of skates.

JAMES E.

Red Point.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. My father is a farmer. I live a mile from school. I have four brothers and two sisters. My birthday is on March 28.

F. B. (Aged 12.)

Spencerville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have a pet hen. Her name is Coakey, and she sings to me for corn. We have sixteen cows, three horses, and eight sheep. I have two cats and one dog. I have about two miles to go to school. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much.

CALVIN M. (Aged 9.)

Windsor Mills.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have four brothers, one is a baby; he is one year old. Three of us go to school, and I light the fire. Sometimes it is pretty cold. We had a Christmas tree for our Sunday-school and I got a box of crayons, a scrap book, an apple, a handkerchief and a bag of candy.

RAY D. (Aged 10.)

Riceville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I have two brothers, Bertie and William Henry. One is five years old and the other one year and three months. I go to school in the summer, but in the winter I cannot, as it is too far. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for I do not know how long. I have two pets, they are both cats. One is an old cat and very cross. If you go near her she will growl at you. The other will let you pet him.

JOHNNIE P.

Windsor Mills.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and get the 'Messenger.' I like it and think all the children do, too. I have one pet, a little gray and white kitten, and I love it very much. I have one sister and two brothers. MARION S. (Aged 11.)

Laird.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a homestead in the upper peninsula of Michigan. My grandpa sends us the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I live seven miles from a school, but my mamma teaches me at home. I have two brothers and no sisters.

ETHEL G.

Three Lakes.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very well. I have four sisters and one brother. I have a little ox and I have lots of fun with him. He is nine months old.

GILBERT P. (Aged 16.)

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and two brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I was at Boston this summer and had a lovely visit. I was there eight weeks.

MATTIE C. (Aged 13.)

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Editor,—We read the 'Messenger' and like it very much. Our minister and his wife are from Toronto. Their name is Birrell. We have a little baby brother named George. He is seven months old. We each got a pair of skates for Christmas, and have lots of fun skating. We are twins and write our letter together.

LLOYD and FLOYD M. (Aged 10.)

Rosemont, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I have three brothers and one sister. Little Marjorie and Allan are twins. My father is a clergyman and has three churches. Yours truly, LOUISE A. L. (Aged 8.)

Three Lakes.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger.' I have a cat named Polly. I have three sisters and two brothers. I wish you a happy New Year. OLIVE P. (Aged 13.)

From Our Mail Bag.

Of the many encouraging letters being received, here are a few:—

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.

We are all well pleased with your paper, and think it a very good publication for both home and school.

From the club,
(MRS.) S. A. BLACKHALL.

Clarkson, Ont.

DOES MUCH GOOD.

'The 'Northern Messenger' is a first-class Sabbath-school paper, its reading matter is all of the highest order, and the portion given to temperance is excellent, and must do a great deal of good.' The foregoing is the pleasing testimony of James Quaid, of Port Albert, Ont.

IS VERY INTERESTING.

We take the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and like it better than any other paper we have ever taken, it is so interesting.

H. F. DELLER.

Norwich, Ont.

NO SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER EQUALS IT.

The 'Messenger' is warmly appreciated by a grateful Sunday-school. We have now decided to take it for a whole year. There is no paper for Sunday-schools to equal it in matter and price. So pleased with the way in which it broadens the readers' views on the world's need for the Gospel. Accounts of noble lives like those of Mrs. Fuller, and McKay, of Formosa; cannot help stimulating young and old, too. NELLIE THIRLWALL.

Duncrief, Ont.

Toronto, 571 Jarvis street, Jan. 3, 1901.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed renewal of subscription for the 'Messenger.' I send them to my little nephew in London, England. He is very pleased with the 'Messenger,' and he writes me that when he has read them, he takes them to school and gives them to his schoolfellows, who are pleased to get them. His teacher also likes to read them. I tell you this, because I thought you would like to know how the 'Messenger' is appreciated in the Old Country.

I remain, Sirs, yours truly,
M. E. MOORE.

Annapolis Royal, N.S., Jan. 8, 1901.

Gentlemen,—Please forward to me, as above, one copy—including first number—of 'World Wide,' for which I enclose the price, 75c. I am very glad that you have inaugurated this new movement, and trust that it shall succeed.

And while I am about it, please renew my subscriptions to the 'Weekly,' the 'Daily' and the 'Messenger,' for which please find post-office order enclosed.

I doubt if you or anyone else is able to apprehend how blessedly you have embedded yourselves in the thought, the heart, and the life of the people of this Dominion. 'O kings, live forever!'

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Testimonials to the Value of 'World Wide.'

PROFESSOR CLARK MURRAY, D.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S.
McGill University, Jan. 5, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Sir,—I may say that I have examined 'World Wide' sufficiently to form a fair idea, not only of its general principle, but of the lines along which that principle is going to be worked out.

In Canada we are placed at a great disadvantage in the maintenance of a high class periodical literature, having to face the competition of the splendid periodicals that issue from the British and the American press. I have long thought that the best chance of success for a high class periodical in Canada would be for one following your plan. I look forward with some confidence to the success of your enterprise.

Yours, very truly,
J. CLARK MURRAY.

REV. W. SPARLING, B.A., B.D.,
Wesleyan College, Montreal.
12 Oxenden avenue, Montreal.
Jan. 8, 1901.

(To the Editor of "World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—Such a paper as 'World Wide' is a necessity in this time, when the best people want to have the wide world brought near to them, and yet may not have the means to purchase or the time to read the leading journals and reviews.

Yours sincerely,
W. SPARLING.

REV. PROFESSOR CLARK, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.C.
Trinity College, Toronto.
Jan. 7, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—The plan of your paper is excellent, and I found the carrying out of it good. Yours very truly,
WILLIAM CLARK.

PROFESSOR SCRIMGER, M.A., D.D.
Presbyterian College, Montreal.
Jan. 8, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—I have read the opening number of your new eclectic weekly, entitled 'World Wide,' with much satisfaction. The selection seems to be admirably made, and the paper well fited to help busy readers keep track of the great movements of thought throughout the world. I wish you success in your venture, and trust that you may at once find a sympathetic and appreciable public.

Yours very truly,
JOHN SCRIMGER.

About the 'Witness.'

Middleton, Annapolis Co., Dec. 27, 1900.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed post-office order for $3.75 for club to 'Weekly Witness.' I would like to have got more subscribers for your valuable paper, but am an old man, nearly 82, and not being very well I could not get around.

I do like to read the 'Witness,' for it is a paper that states things as they are, and is fit for any lady to read. I have had the pleasure of reading it for nearly thirty years. With kind regards, I remain, yours truly,
JACOB SLOCOMB.

Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir,—Your invaluable paper has been a visitor to the family of which I form a part for a great length of time, but I feel it to be due to you to express the high appreciation in which it is held by every member of the same. We believe that as a family newspaper it has no equal on this continent. Its news items are reliable, its general reading matter is intercsting and wholesome, and its editorials are instructive, entertaining and elevating, and should anyone ask my advice as to what papers it would be best to subscribe for I would certainly say without hesitation: 'Well, there is one paper you cannot afford to be without, and that is the "Montreal Witness."'

Wishing you every success in your endeavor to advance the cause of sobriety, morality and righteousness, I am,
OSCAR O. CARPENTER.

Parkhill, Ont., Dec. 29, 1900.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—Will you please send your good paper to the address given below. In trying to find a Christmas gift for my father (who has moved to Brantford), the happy thought that came to me was that this would be welcome. I received a letter yesterday in which he says:—'I received some nice presents, but yours is by far the best of any, and I very much appreciate it.' He adds also: 'The old "Montreal Witness," notwithstanding its moderate Gritism, is perhaps the best paper published in the Dominion.' This from an old life-long Conservative, you may consider a compliment, when I assure you he has read it faithfully for years. He is almost eighty-two years of age, and is as clear and able to form an opinion as ever.
(MRS.) JENNIE SCHRAM.

Staffa, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Thank you for sending the paper so promptly and regularly. It is a good, cheap paper. My renewal subscription is enclosed. ANDREW OLIVER.

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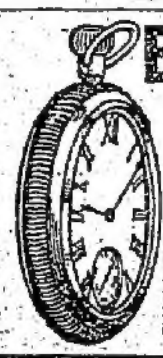

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